

BLACK VELVET

VOLUME 1 — ISSUE 1

ADULTS ONLY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION



VELVET MOOD

BABES, BANGLES & BEADS

ON A RAINY
AFTERNOON

SHAKE,
RATTLE
& ROLL

BUSY
BODY



BLACK VELVET

VOLUME 1

ISSUE NO. 1

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Velvet Mood

What goes through the mind of a talented photographer when his lens focuses on some of the most luscious beauties of this generation? In all probability his one burning desire (photographically, that is) is to come up with the "GREAT SHOT" the really "BIG ONE." With this in mind our intrepid lensman sets forth on the road to fame and fortune with high resolve and lots of film. As the session wears on he becomes besieged with doubts, trepidations and the nagging fear that perhaps this just isn't the time he'll be kissed by Dame Fortune. Oh well, a guy can only try so hard and leave the rest to luck. Suddenly, the dawn of reality strikes our frenzied filmmaker . . . "these shots aren't half bad, in fact they're good, real good. "The lucky stiff never realized that his model saved the day by utilizing her womanly gift of getting the





most out of a given situation. Her instructions were to get into the mood by thinking of something pleasant. And what could be more pleasant than a new dress or perhaps a wild new hat with bag to match. Kind of basic, like black, and the fabric, well, the fabric should be something slinky and sensuous and great to feel next to the skin. In fact the one cloth that fills the bill to a "T" is Velvet . . . "Black Velvet."





\$250









*"This is such a refreshing
change of pace for me. I'm an
ear, nose and throat doctor!"*

**“YOU
CAN’T
PULL
THE
WOOL
OVER
MY
EYES!!”**

**Baa, baa black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full,
One for my master, one for my dame
And about six more for the cute dame
who posed for these pictures.**

There's no sense in being stingy about it, you need lots of wool to make a decent sweater for a girl of Pamela's proportions. If you don't use enough wool the sweater is going to be tight and look kinda bumpy and bulge in the funniest places and, . . . and, . . . and the heck with all that wool.'









MEADOWS' NUDIST COL



"Careful Miss Farnsworth, your hand is showing!"



Babes, Bangles and Beads

From the beginning of time, man has always been stirred by the rhythmic throbbing of some sort of percussion instrument. Couple this interest with another of man's favorite pastimes, girl watching and you come up with a combination that's pretty hard to beat. And speaking of beat, when you team up a savage bongo and a sensuous torso who could ask for anything more! Though we can't let you hear the drumbeat we can present for your edification a body of truly monumental dexterity. Is there a man among you who can truly say that he is not jarred by the sight of so tempting a figure in so torrid a dance. Oh yes, for all you Bangle and Bead lovers, we think there's something of interest here for you too!















THE VACATION TO LOVE

By Guy B. Thomas

Year after year, Melissa and Valerie had their summer vacation planned to the tee. The two cousins had more or less grown up in those formative years leading to their present late teens. Both their fathers had been avid sportsmen and the summer vacation invariably was spent on Mr. Hubbards 400 acre farm. Valerie who lived there was a robust outdoor type. She abounded in sports, especially in swimming since the farm contained three ponds. She swam daily when the weather allowed. This year she was going to teach Melissa the rudiments of speed swimming and vacation time was only a week away. Valerie was sure that she could finally compete for her

college team. She mused over this as she climbed out of bed this morning. Her polka dotted pajamas crumpled to the floor as she briskly started a breathe and bend routine before the open window. Her nude sturdy body was magnificent as she was framed by the oval frame. She gazed between gulps of wind at a fertile valley before her. The farm was beautiful this time of the season. Her sinewy arms traversed the elegant bosom to the left and to the right to cause her to become aware of the timing and personal arousal of her action. She thought of her beaux and what they would think of if they could see her right now. She continued the windmill twisting of the exercises and sauntered over to the mirror. After some sizing up of her attributes via the pedestal looking glass, she quivered to the bone in a vibrant lust for life and she made a fast dash for her swimsuit. With it clutched in her hand she ran out of the house and into the misty dawn. Her supple curves sparkled through the Queen Anne lace which seemed to want to add her beauty to its folds. Her flashing legs soon brought her to the pond. Then with a soft happy shriek she shushed her way through the quiet surface of the green water and her strong buttocks followed like a lily leaf sinking under a stone's weight. She popped up about 15 feet later and her young torso caressed the lake so as to leave both the air above and the wet below a sample of the heavenliest remembrance. As she settled into a backstroke she said aloud so as to make the shores jealous. "Melissa will be here in a few days."

The weekend came quickly and it seemed strange to Melissa that Valerie was not there to greet her. Mr Hubbard did the honors and gave an adult's sheepish excuse for Val's absence. It seemed that Valerie was expecting Melissa an hour later so she went to town with some of her friends. Melissa had some coffee and cake then went up to the bedroom she had always shared with Val. She had just purchased some new sport and farm clothes and she hummed as she briskly put them out on the bed. The warm breeze flowed over her limbs as she proceeded to disrobe. The stream of sunlight let an abstract shadow caress the floor with the most elegant feminine pulchritude the sun had ever encountered. Melissa was undoubtedly the more sophisticated of the two cousins. Though she was known to be a thoughtful, wise person, her usual sedate streetwear gave few people the slightest inkling of the lush body that now stood bare. She moved about the small room enjoying her intimacy with the breeze. Finally when she had put her bureau

top in order and her clothes were all hung, she took one last happy, smiling lung-full of air just as she caught her magnificent body reflected in the mirror. Her blush was one of self-pride and her hands rounded her curves in a brief though new acceptance of the fact. She, like Valerie was increasingly aware of the womanly overture to life which transforms a teenager to the full blown woman. Her family had constantly forbade the slightest variation in boy dating and late hour procedures at home. Here on the farm there would be some respite from those tight hours. As she relaxed her pose she reached for the towel and her eyes mirrored the shameful fright of the thought she now had. "Will Valerie introduce me to the wrong boy? How could I tell father that I dated against his wishes. I musn't be out after 10 P.M. that's all there is to it. What you don't have you can't miss I guess. I hope Valerie will understand."

Out on the veranda there was a commotion as Valerie and some friends returned. Mr. Hubbard told Valerie of Melissa's arrival and Valerie whopped up a storm. She ran swiftly up the stairs towards her bedroom shouting "Melissa, Melissa you're here, you're here!" Valerie couldn't stop her momentum as she slammed into and knocked down the nude Melissa. Both tangled in a fun filled, apologetic moment and ended the horseplay in a hug and kiss amidst the last words fired by Valerie of, "Hurry up the boys want to go swimming with us. Frank is downstairs and has his friend Lee along. You'll like Lee. He's your type." Melissa's towel now secured her privacy and the girls gave it the old gabfest college try. Finally the boys began a rhythmic "Let's go" chant. Melissa scurried into the shower and Valerie changed to her swimsuit. Out of the corner of a soapy eye Melissa, while chatting to Val glimpsed the new changes in Val's figure and demeanor. Val stepped into her swimsuit and as it ran up her legs Melissa finished her shower and stepped out onto the drip mat. Valerie snapped up the halter front on her suit and Valerie was now the subject of scrutiny. "Hey, Melissa how did you do it? You put on weight only where it's supposed to be. You look great." The towel travelled the breadth of the magnificent back and as Melissa turned to face Valerie she very femininely said, "I'm finally 37 where it counts 23 where it shows and 36 where I sit and my father makes it obvious that it shows." Valerie commented on that. "You mean he's still tough on you? My dad has eased off on me since I started bringing all the swimming team sort of floating around our farm. Maybe he can

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SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

In the half-light of shadow, man's mind runs rampant with thoughts of desire. He conjures up thoughts of his ideal woman, THE WOMAN for him. Where the shadows deepen the contours of his woman's body take on the classic aspects of a Bellini sculpture. In a more revealing light he feels his judgment has been vindicated because HIS WOMAN is truly lovely. It is said that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder." If this be so, can it not be truly stated that here is beauty for you to behold? Be she Blonde, Brunette, Red-head or Raven-tressed, short, tall or of medium height, slender or amply endowed, one may be certain that to her guy she's tops.





BLUE JEAN AND HER 'BLUE JEANS'

A stillness permeated the atmosphere of the studio. Not the sort of quiet that one associates with anger, shyness or lack of communication but rather a tranquil sort of silence that comes about when people are in a meditative mood. I couldn't help but wonder what had brought about this need for contemplation, when in a sad voice my model spoke up stating, "It's no use trying to shoot today, I just can't get with it. I've got the blues and I really don't think it's fair for me to waste your valuable time."

"Think nothing of it I stated magnanimously, we all get those days. When you feel up to it please let me know and we'll get going again!"

"I'm glad you understand," she stated and proceeded to dress.

As she was leaving, she gave me a tender kiss and murmured "Thanks for understanding."

Never let it be said that I lack compassion but let it be understood that I don't miss any opportunities either. Here then, are some "mood shots" I was able to garner while my model decided she was unable to pose.













A Twist of Fate

Though it is very important that every model have a gimmick as her trademark, it is of equal importance that she looks good from any angle. In order to prove her ability to attract an audience from a posterior view, Kathy decided to resort to a maneuver that gets to the seat of our emotions. We must admit she succeeded most admirably in her endeavour. Upon close scrutiny we find a definite influence of the Twist behind her movements. Though we are in hearty accord with the great acclaim given the modern version of this dance, it must here be stated we are extremely fond of Kathy's interpretation. For those of you who may wonder what the front of such a magnificent back looks like, we present for your edification in full color . . . KATHY.







"I sincerely trust my end of the discussion was interesting to you, because it certainly proved strenuous to me."



a penny for your thoughts

What's on your mind when you look at these pictures (as if we don't know).

Well, we asked our model to tell us what was on her mind when she was posing for us. Her reply was, "Guess!"

We weren't in any mood for games (not guessing games at any rate) and we told her so. She insisted "aw, c'mon guess."

I figured, "what the heck, if she's feeling playful maybe I would get some good shots out of the session by playing along with her." So like an obedient nut I proceeded to guess.

I said I figured she might be thinking about her fee.

"Nope," she answered.

"How about that new Fur you may get?"

Once again a negative reply.

By this time I began to worry that it might take all day to arrive at a satisfactory answer, (though I couldn't think of a nicer way to spend a day).

She probably sensed my concern because she said "Just one more."





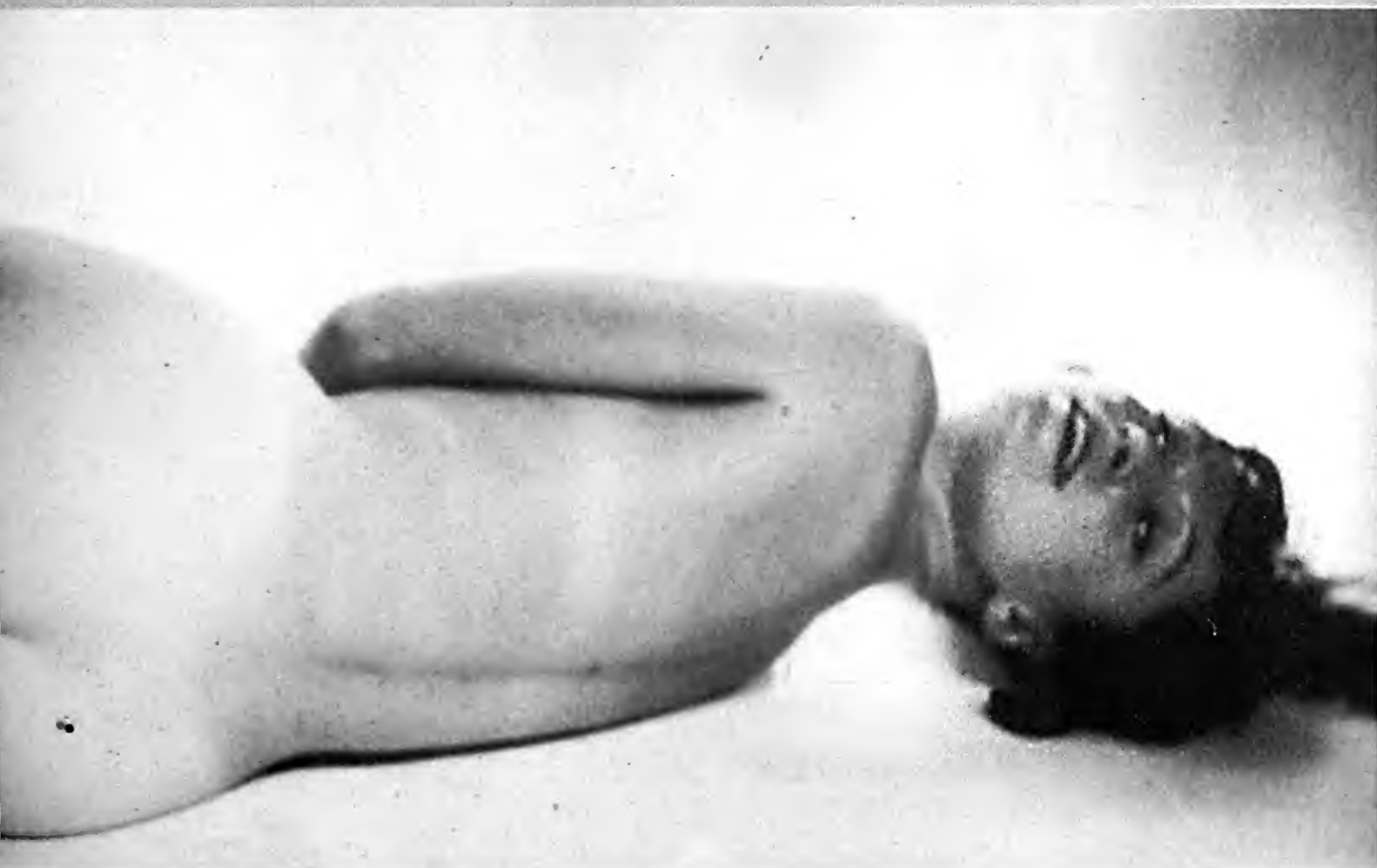
"Okay, I notice that you're smiling on every shot, it must be something pleasant but to save my neck I just can't figure it out."

"Well," she answered, you've been a good sport so I'll tell you."

By this time I could hardly wait and I said "Yeah, what is it?"

She said "Do you realize that not once during the session have you told me to pose in any special way, all you've done is to shoot me in any pose that I assumed and I said to myself that in all probability these would prove to be among your better shots."

I realized suddenly with alarm that this was so, and you know, she was right, they are good.



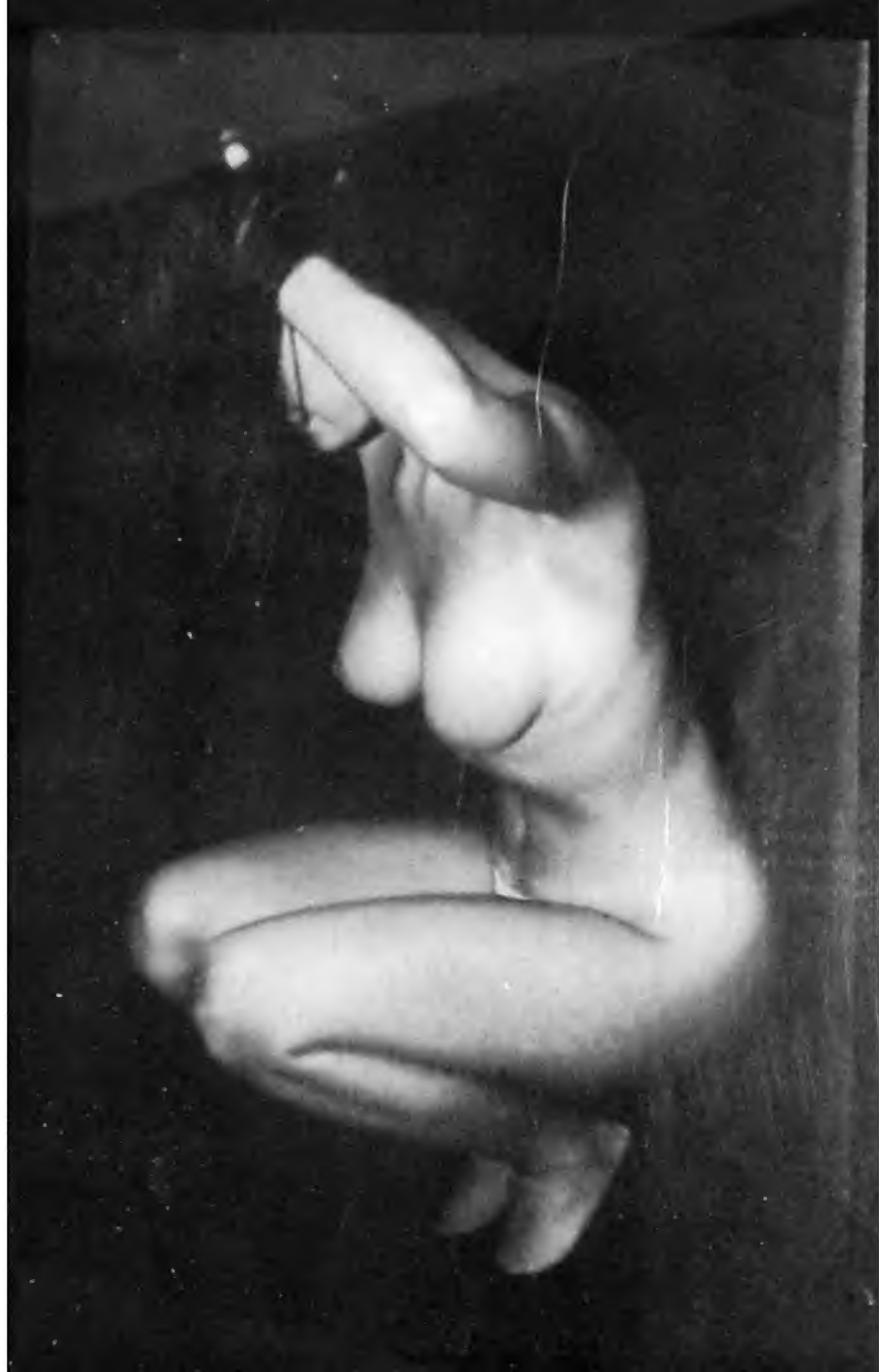




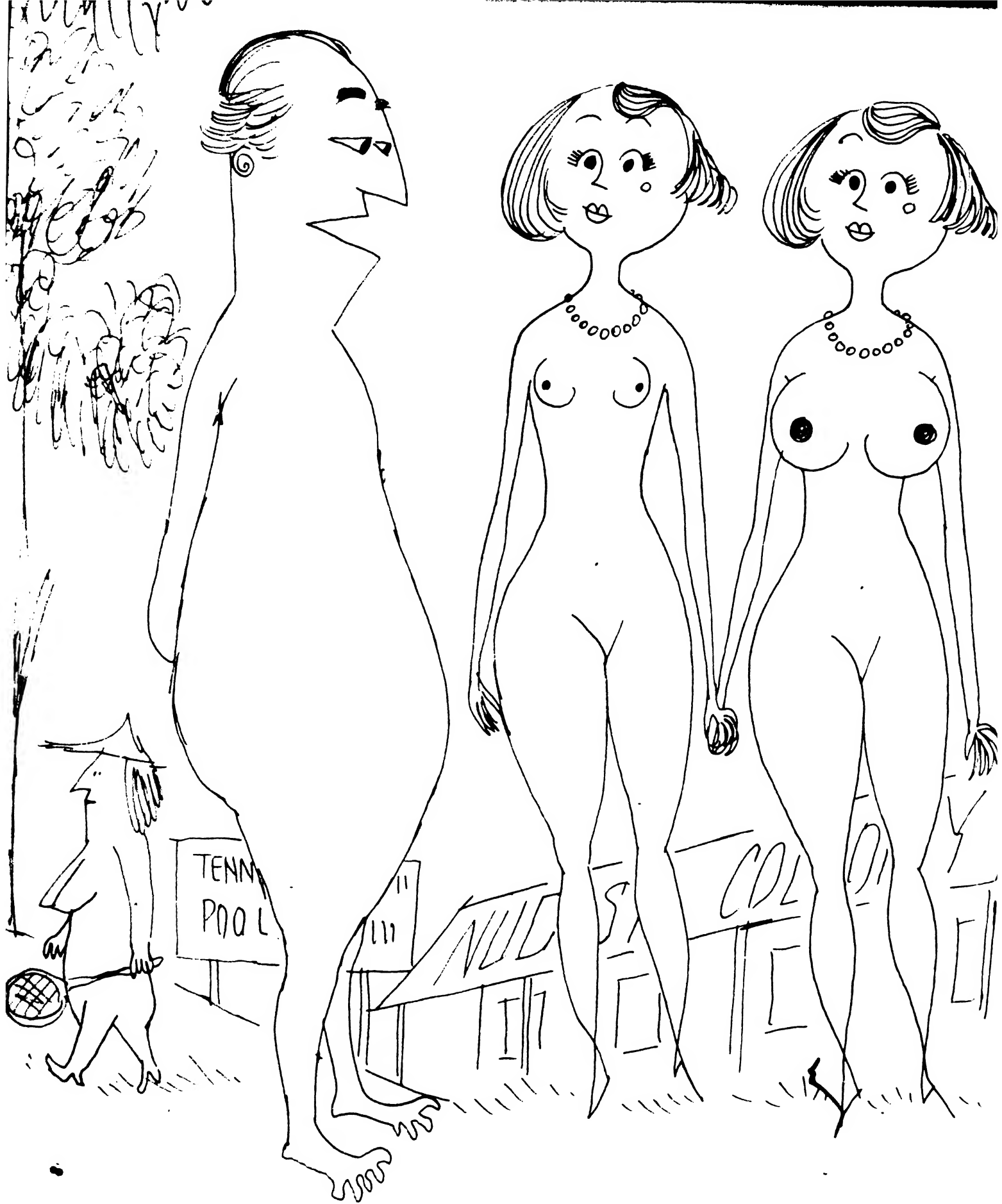
on a rainy afternoon

How does a girl act when she thinks she is unobserved? It has always been a constant source of amusement to me to eavesdrop with my camera when one of my models thinks she is alone. One afternoon last week, it was raining rather hard and the sound of the drops pelted against the windowpanes had a lulling effect on the nerves. I had just come to the end of one roll of film and was reloading my camera when out of the corner of my eye I spied Colleen striking some offbeat poses seemingly unnoticed. Here was an opportunity to do something I'd always been anxious to try. By this time the camera was ready to go again and very quietly I began shooting by available light and without the model's knowledge. The results to my way of thinking are extremely pleasing and prove a most interesting insight into the thoughts and actions of a lovely woman who thinks no one is looking.









"Are you sure you're identical twins?"

Loyalty Test

When I walked into her apartment, Gloria never even saw me. Maybe she wouldn't notice me—until I killed her.

I stared hard as she stepped out of the shower, hard enough to peel wallpaper. She was dripping wet and kept bouncing the water off her skin until she got hold of a towel. You don't see stacked redheads like that every day, so I stretched comfortably on the sofa, taking it all in and enjoying myself—but not fully.

Because I'd come to kill her.

Gloria didn't know I was in her flat. I'd pulled up outside the apartment house, cursed my fluttering motor and lousy brakes, cursed the rotten job I had to do and pounded up the stairs like a balky kid forced to show a bad report card to his parents. Her door was ajar. I heard the shower running so I walked in and sat down on her sofa. And saw a show.

She wiggled into a white terrycloth robe, pulled it tight against the curves and looked up. Her body twitched with sudden fright.

"Freddie! What are you doing here?"

I sat unmoving, unsmiling, as if I hadn't appreciated the view. Gloria didn't blush; she wasn't the type. She shrugged her shoulders as she came out of the bathroom and yanked at the bathing cap on her head. Long red hair spilled recklessly over the white robe. She didn't try to control it.

"You know you shouldn't be here, Freddie. If Tony ever found out—"

The back of her hand darted to her mouth as a tight little gasp died somewhere deep in her throat. Gloria Barton had caught on to why I was there.

For one quick moment I wished I hadn't seen her like that, with a horrible fear filling her large blue eyes. It was tough enough as it was to carry out Tony Genser's order.

I nodded slowly, wishing there was some way I could ease the shock she'd taken. "Sit down, kid, before you fall down."

Her scrubbed face had drained itself of the blood she had circulated in the shower. She sat down next to me and her fingers pushed at some newspapers on the coffee table.

"Got a cigarette, Freddie?"

I lighted one and handed it to her. My insides were churning with revulsion. They had been ever since Tony Genser had told me what to do about her two hours earlier. But I couldn't see a body like Gloria's rotting in a grave just because she'd talked too freely to the

wrong guy.

I'd told him so, too. I wasn't afraid of Tony, never was. Still, he was the boss, a stickler for loyalty, with no scruples about putting anybody into a hole.

Even me, his brother.

I lighted a cigarette for myself and dragged heavily on it. Gloria was rigid next to me. "You asked for whatever you got coming. What you said last night will cost Tony a stretch, unless his lawyer comes up with a miracle."

"But I was drunk, Freddie," Gloria wailed. "I didn't know what I was saying. I didn't even know who I was talking to."

"That's what I heard."

I hadn't been invited to Tony's party. He didn't like to be seen too often with his killer brother. But that never kept me away from his *Starlite Club*, where Gloria worked, and where I could make passes at her every chance I got.

Now she was bawling hysterically. I had to give her the back of my hand to quiet her. After a minute or two she got control of herself. "I—I'm all right. I guess I cried it out of me. I feel better now." A nervous laugh began in her slim throat. "You have to get used to a thing like this."

"Get dressed, Gloria."

I'd never had qualms about killing. Whether a goon lived or died made no difference to me. But this was something else. The victim was Gloria Barton, and my stomach wouldn't stop flipping.

Don't think my brain didn't toy with the thought of pulling a fast one on Tony. It'd be easy; he'd never find out. I'd have Gloria to myself.

But there was always an outside chance the news would leak.

I'd seen what happened to guys who crossed Tony. I'd helped him with the erasing. It wasn't pleasant. One thing Tony hated was disloyalty. That's why he gave the death sentence for Gloria for spilling to a stoolie.

She pushed away the wet hair on her face and wiped her tears with her fingertips. She got up slowly and started for the bedroom. I followed her. She stopped short and looked up at me.

A crooked smile crossed my lips. "What's the difference, kid?" I glanced at the bathroom.

She shrugged her shoulders and leaned against the bedroom door. I was close enough to smell the clean freshness of the toilet water she'd used, close enough to

hear the softly spoken words my heart wanted to hear ever since the day she first walked into Tony's club.

"Freddie, I'll be direct. I'll offer myself for my life. Tony'll never know. I'll stay under wraps. I'll—"

She didn't finish. Her arms circled my neck and pulled me down to her lips. I pressed hard against them and when we finally broke I knew only one thing: I wasn't going to use my gun that night.

The good feeling that comes with triumph coursed through me. Sure, Gloria was a cast-off. Tony was through with her. He wanted her dead, and the only reason she was willing to give herself was to save her neck. But all that didn't make any difference to me. I'd wanted Gloria since the first day she came to see Tony about a job.

She was a kid then, no more than nineteen, with busted hopes for the stage. She didn't have a dime in her purse. She asked Tony for a job in the line and he looked her over like she was a side of beef hanging on a butcher's hook.

I'd resented his vulgar appraisal, resented the way he took possession of her. We'd had many a heated argument over her but he always came out on top. Gloria wouldn't look twice in my direction when Tony was around. When he wasn't I'd catch her staring at me. That's why I never stopped making plays for her. Though I'd never got anywhere.

But now the story was different. I smiled down at her and pulled her close. When I kissed her again I felt a strange hunger in her lips, as if she'd been waiting a long time for me.

The hell with the consequences, I thought. Gloria was worth it. I'd figure out something.

She pushed me away gently, smiled up at me with a queer grin and reached for the doorknob. She opened the door and stepped aside. "Got nough, Tony?"

Big, fat Tony Genser stuck his frame into the opening and shoved an automatic into my navel. A juicy cigar stuck out of the side of his mouth and it moved up and down with the words he spoke.

"You were real good, baby." He spoke to Gloria without looking at her. "Real good. We'll have to see what we can do about getting you back in legit."

My jaw dropped. Gloria thought it was funny, the way I stood there with a stupid look on my face. She laughed, kept laughing. I wanted to smash my fist into her white teeth.

It came slow, but it was coming. Tony's phony story about Gloria getting drunk and talking too much, her door slightly ajar and the bathroom scene to arouse my baser instincts.

Tony spoke as if he'd read my thoughts. "Sure Freddie, I guess you got the details figured now. You know what I think of guys who cross me. Just how you'd stand up under a real test always bothered me."

His eyes bore into mine. I could see he was disliking every minute of it, but things were working out exactly as

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SHAKE



RAI ILE





and
ROLL!

talk to your father, I'll ask him after supper. With a figure like yours you certainly don't have to give it away but at least it shouldn't be hogged, eh, kid?" With that she slapped Melissa a resounding reddening handful on her relaxed derriere and laughingly walked out to console the boys.

Melissa met the boys in a cool reception which took place after she emerged in a one piece loose fitting swimsuit that though very chic, made her look like some queer old uncle somebody hides in farthest guest rooms. Her cute face was the only saving grace the boys seemed to appreciate. The group was proceeding down the lane and the casual amenities were bantered for a while till Valerie's beau suddenly and playfully picked Val up and swung her around. Her shrieks resounded off the valley walls and she started to retaliate the moment she regained her feet. She tripped her Romeo and as he fell to the woodland floor, Val jumped on his back to pin him to the floor. He gasped, spurted and wheeled over to face her. Here Melissa ached with the compound truth of life. The two pranksters suddenly became one great silent kiss amongst the dried leaves and fertile grass. It may have been only two or three seconds that they kissed but Melissa's untutored heart skipped a beat as the two semiclad figures made deep intent of their passion. Then with gymnastic strides Valerie bounced up and led her beau in a chase to the pond. Lee casually flustered remarked, "That crazy duo needs cooling off." Melissa smiled. "Why do you call them crazy?" Lee turned to her. "Oh, you know what I mean. They're always sporting around like that. Like big overgrown kids. I think I like my petting to be a bit more private." "Do you have a girl Lee?" Lee smiled and snorted. "No it was only a figure of speech. All you creatures are fair game for me." Melissa did a double take and said, "If you believe that you should be psychoanalyzed. You would be degrading all womanhood if you actually. . . ." Lee interrupted, "Can't a guy have a little fun?" Just then Valerie came running up the lane soaking wet and a sight to behold. She was shouting and laughingly gasping that her, "Nutty fruit cake is after me." The horseplay enthused Lee to jump after Valerie and he grasped her to him. "Hey, I got her I got her, what should I do with her?" From the lake came the cries "hold the wench man. I'll be out in a second." Valerie astounded, struggled heartily and Melissa observed that Lee was having a field day with Valerie's torso. Possibly amid the kicking and bending Valerie did not feel Lee's hand but Melissa vibrated suddenly as a

pang of desire set her nervously to run for the water. She swam and swam and swam as fast as she could for the raft. Once there, she climbed up on the pontoon based boards and threw herself to the deck. She had never experienced that emotion so strongly. She was amazed but enjoyed her silent ecstasy. The deck was warm and her breasts were further warmed by the pressure of her relaxed weight. The wet swimsuit was in discord to the heat, and chills ran down her back and around her body. She was alone out here but she was never more close to life's truth. Her mind flashed all images possible now. She skipped from high school English courses and their effects on her future, she skipped to the debating team she belonged to. She started to lecture half aloud to herself. She turned again to the memory of a picnic where she saw two lovers boldly kissing that day and then they surprised her or vice versa when on the way to the car late that evening she embarrassingly walked by the parked car where the two lovers had shed their swimsuits and were ferreted to each other in total oblivion; until she brushed the car with her basket. The look in their frustrated faces now clung to her mind. "Was that payment for illicit love?" she thought. Love musn't be cheap. It should be an understanding venture of all occurrences in life leading to a balance in married lovers of the values they both hold. To share these values, to share these values . . . her mind and the sun had finally found their "balance" and she became drowsy and fell into a warm slumber.

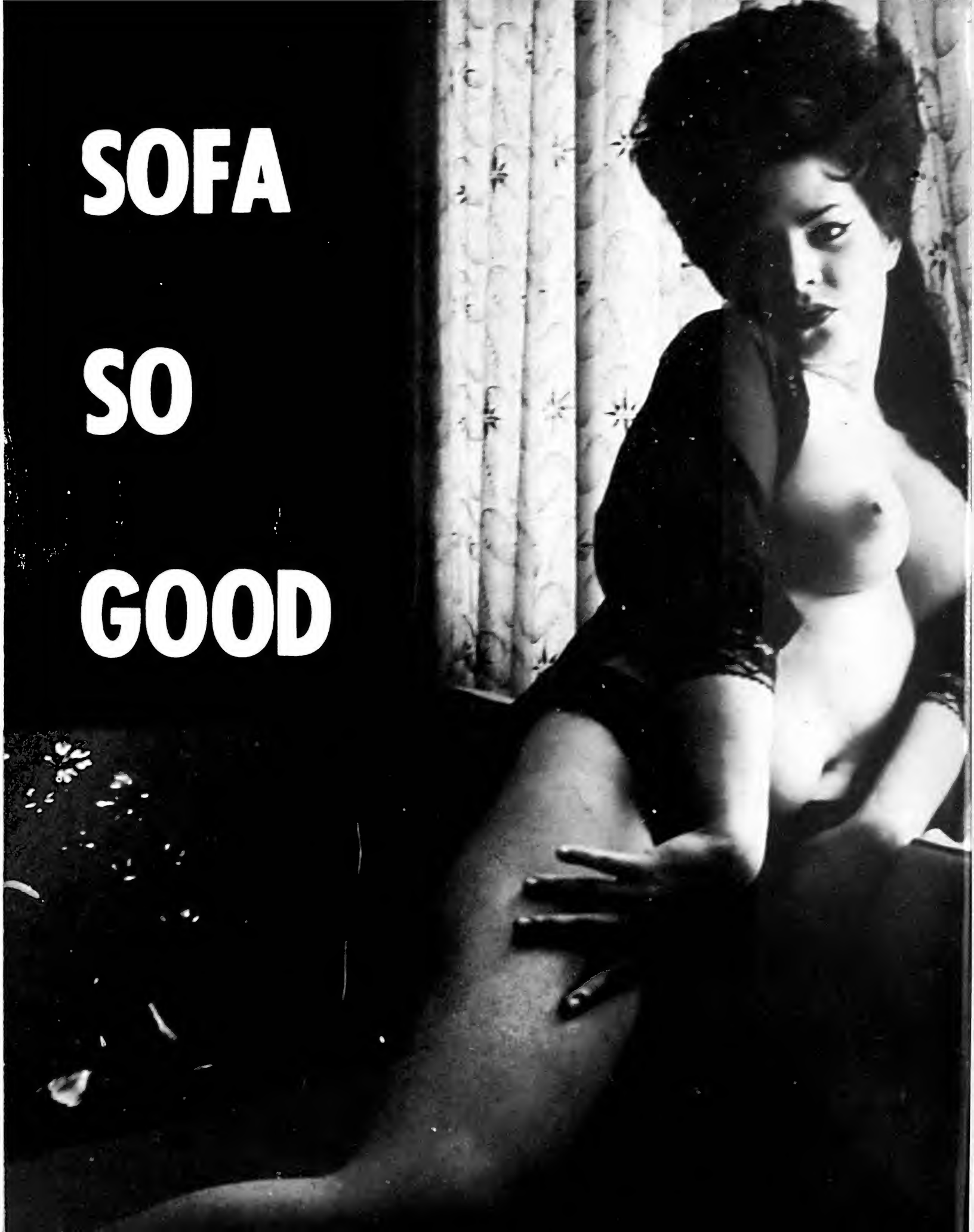
The boys swam out to the raft to fetch Melissa who had not stirred for ten minutes. "Hey sleepy head. Are we that boring already? Come and swim." As the boys came up the few steps of the ladder, Melissa groggily rolled over, eyes shut and arms at her sides. She yawned pressed down on her palms and made a cat like bend of her reclining figure. The boys both noticed the same thing at once. While Melissa's suit had been loose and chic it was also now quite wet and clinging and almost transparent. They noticed and winked at each other. "Lee, maybe I better get back to Valerie, Ok. old buddy?" Lee murmured agreement and sat down next to his new found treasure. His eyes followed her rolling figure and he inadvertently said, Wow, where have you been?" Melissa snapped open her eyes at that and said, "What do you mean, didn't you see me swim out here?" Lee nodded and was blushing. He wondered if she noticed his flush and palpitations. She was up on her elbows now and he ached to probe that magnificent and so suddenly disclosed body of hers. With every word and every gesture

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SOFA

SO

GOOD



Our gal is a regular lounge lizard, in fact it might be said that she would rather crouch on a couch than most anything else. I say MOST anything else because there are a few other things that appeal to her. These things may at first glance appear silly, but upon closer scrutiny they make more sense. For instance, she has a mad desire to carry rocks. Sounds screwy doesn't it. But when you consider that the rocks she gets to carry are usually five to ten carats and pure blue white then her unusual hobby doesn't seem so wild. Follow this craze with an uncontrollable desire to collect pictures, but mind you, not any old pictures. They must be of American Presidents. She insist that they be of deceased Presidents and that they be done in one particular shade of GREEN. While experimenting she has found that United States currency fills the bill admirably, so why work any harder than necessary. Let it be said that her collection is one of the finest around. Therefore, in analyzing her chaise craze, we are prompted to say that should it ever become a necessity to have her sofa stuffed, it's kind of nice to know that she'd have very little difficulty in keeping occupied while waiting for the job to be completed.





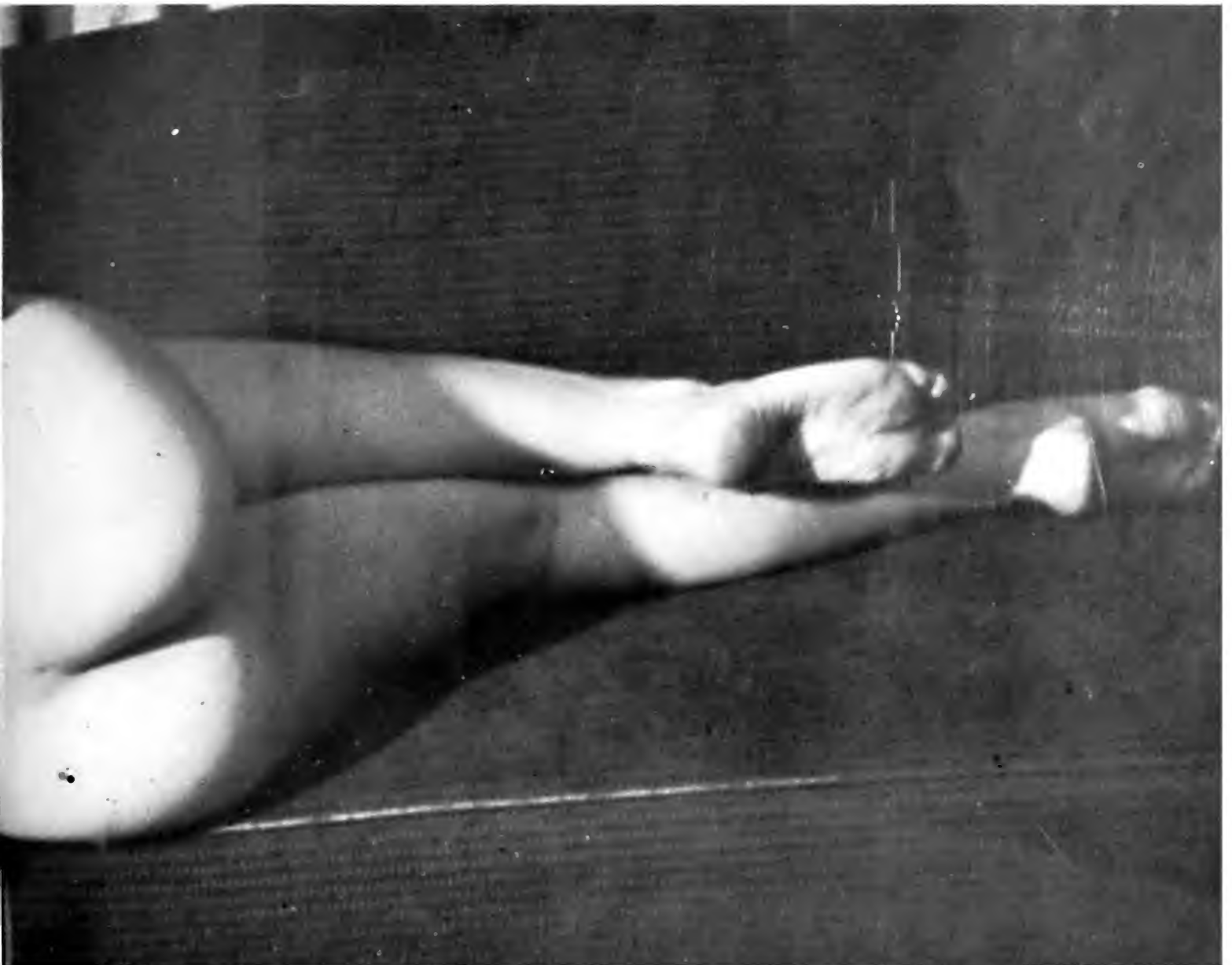


BUSY BODY





As one of the nation's most popular and active models, Pat keeps to a schedule that would discourage a truck driver. Come to think of it, who would want to shoot pin-up pictures of a truckdriver. Well, to get back to Pat, which seems to me a very good idea, she is without a doubt one of the busiest gals around. And for very good reason indeed. She embodies every characteristic necessary for successful results from a photo session. No matter what the angle, she has a knack for looking beautiful, and this is no simple matter considering the fact that some women have their so-called "good sides" and are reluctant to pose in any attitude other than an advantageous one. Not our Pat. She very generously allows herself to be photographed from any desired position. The results are most gratifying indeed. It is simple therefore, to understand why this delightful young lady has one of the busiest bodies in town.







it got worse for Lee. She innocently had become by the circumstances that had just evolved a vision to behold. Still unknowingly all her secret passions of before had been transferred through ten minutes of time to become a vivid alive thing here and now. Lee's eye burned into hers and she grasped something of the moment. She blurted out, "Are you going to be an engineer, that's what Lee mentioned, she s" Melissa was overwhelmed and honestly so by the flash of the sun's rays over Lee's shoulders as he leaned toward her, grasped her upthrust face and planted the kiss of kisses. She melted to the deck again and returned his advances. The raft bobbed up and down with it's own rhythm to compliment the stillness of the tender moment. Lee's lips were not selfish he was also not entirely lost in selfishness per se as were the other young men he knew. He remembered this in his moments now with Melissa. His kisses were passionate. She was an echo. They clasped their eager outlines in a natural flow of pure line in the drawing of love. Then Melissa with an ecstatic smile started up and away from Lee. He planted a soft kiss on her lower neck that bruised his lips in her quick getaway. She dove off the raft in a trickle of activity as the water engulfed her.

The quartet spent the afternoon gabbing away and playfully chiding each other over the memories of other times and other places. Their lunch basket was empty at evening time and by dark all the soda and cookies were gone. Their natural tendency now was to start thinking of tomorrow and further dating. Their funfest and intimate talk derived from the inspiration given off the amount of petting they were doing. Valerie and her beau were still raising a rucus with the horseplay while the tender Melissa succumbed to Lee's lips and delicate overtures of his bidding.

The time finally forced their young hand. It was decided they meet tomorrow. The boys carried the few belongings up to the farmhouse, said goodnight, and the girls went in to retire. As Lee's car sputtered out of the farm, the girls wearily reached their boudoir. Valerie was out of her swimsuit in an exasperating pull and stumble. She slumped nude to the bedding and lustfully said, "How did Lee impress you." As she was asking the question Valerie was turning toward Melissa and was jarred by the strange gaze of her cousin's eyes. Melissa in a far away, tight eyed moment, was engrossed in letting her eyes travel over Valerie's body. She was held as if by a magnet until Val managed to say, "Hey you're making me feel indecent. Haven't you ever noticed I'm sort of built like, you know a little here

too much there, come on now a penny for your thoughts". Melissa flushed redder than her sunburn and voiced a murmuring surprised, "Valerie do you realize we are really women at last?" Valerie intoned, "Gad kid, I've known it a bit longer than you that's all. Imagine that, one day on vacation and you find out you're a woman. Lee's attention to you must have been extremely good for your ego to have created such a new found reality." Melissa undressed and now too was nude. In a pensive, questioning tone she asked, "What is love?" Valerie who had sleepily rolled over on her stomach commented, "Good night, I haven't got time to philosophize now." At that Melissa went over to Val's bedside and with deliberate care ran her hand down Val's bare shoulders and down and over her buttocks. Valerie perked up her head in amazement while grumpily saying, "Hey, no joking around I'm sleepy. What are you trying to prove anyhow?" Melissa very deliberately answered, "If I were your beau you might have responded differently if he did that." Val countered with, "I wouldn't let it go so far as to be in a bed at least. Necking is enough till I get Married. I may seem a little reckless to you but I know where to draw the line, so let's go to sleep now and tomorrow we can talk our heads off." Melissa very astutely said, "I didn't let Lee go all the way either and what you just said about marriage makes me feel much better. Now I can see the other facets on the gem of marriage. All the facets of our life and all that you are to other people must work in such a tempo as to be harmonious. I see now that being promiscuous is not in harmony with the total design of a good marriage. Yes, I was excited by Lee's hands and his kisses. If they were to be an every day part of my family life then he could be my husband, this way it's cheating. Maybe Lee will be my man some day, only harmony and time will tell." Valerie had sat wide mouthed throughout all this, and now spoke. "Melissa, thank you for keeping me awake, honestly, I've been searching for that analysis of our existence in love and sex related to a family, and now you've given it all more dignity. From now on I'll think of these moments especially when I get into any tempting situation again." Melissa nodded approvingly and approached the mirror to comb out her hair. The sunburned body outlined the now white flesh left in the secluded oasis of her new found femininity. Melissa was happy with her decision and as she said goodnight to Val she turned out the light and the cool moon entered the window and clasped itself to the two peaceful young women.

THE END



*"I feel like a Peeping Tom with all the
cops on my side!"*

he'd figured them to. "Get dressed, Gloria," he growled. "We have traveling to do."

She was still laughing when she closed the bedroom door behind her. If there was ever a moment when I wanted to kill it was now.

My brother was pretty good at sensing my feelings. "If you want to know, Freddie, the idea of getting you out of our way was her's." He watched my look of surprise, sadly. "That's right, Freddie. Gloria got sick and tired of your passes. She thought you'd never know when you were licked, so she came to me and told me about what a nuisance you were making of yourself."

"That dirty little—"

"Hold it!" He shoved the gun deep into my stomach. The look on his face died. "This is my party. I'll do the talking." He reached under my coat and yanked out the .38. Then he backed off and settled his 250 pounds into an overstuffed chair.

"Like I said," he continued, "the idea was hers. But the scene here tonight was mine. I wanted to see what your limit was. I wanted to see if a dame like Gloria could make you double-cross your own brother."

Maybe Tony didn't know it, but until this moment I would have double-crossed my mother for Gloria.

She came out of the bedroom dressed in black, with a veil pulled down to her chin. She held a bulging black purse. "I thought this would be appropriate, don't you think?"

Tony squirmed his way to his feet. "Come on, let's go."

The street lights were going on when we got to my car. Tony had stashed the gun but held on to it in his pocket. He motioned for both of us to climb in. Gloria drove, and Tony sat beside her with his gun hand resting on the back of his seat. I sat in the back, facing him and the gun.

"Drive North, baby. You know where we're going."

As soon as we hit the outskirts my fat brother grunted, "Put some pressure on that foot pedal. I can't wait to get this job done with."

I hadn't spoken all the way out. My eyes were fixed on the back of Gloria's head. I kept seeing blood spill out of a hole I wanted to put there.

The way the car shot forward into the darkness I could see she was anxious to see me crawl.

I shifted my gaze to Tony, who was watching me and taking slow, measured bites out of his cigar. "Like to know how we're going to pull it?"

I didn't answer. *Hou* didn't make any difference. What bothered me was that they were going to get away with it, that my brother would come out on top. With me as the goat. As usual.

"It'll look like an accident, Freddie," Tony was saying. "Gloria and I figured it out—right down to the alibi, if necessary. In fact, we have the spot picked out and my car is waiting to take us back to the city."

He didn't wait for an answer. He stuck his fat nose to the windshield to see where we were. "Hold it, baby.

This is it."

Gloria pumped the brake and swerved my heap off the road. Then she sat still, waiting for Tony to do her thinking.

"Take your handkerchief and wipe everything you touched. Steering wheel, buttons, ignition key, everything."

Gloria rubbed the wheel with a lacey thing and then cut the motor. After she wiped the key she held it in the hankie and stretched her arm over the seat. "Take it, sucker."

I knew what they wanted. I pressed the key between my thumb and forefinger and let her slip it out of my grip. "You two thought of everything." Those were the first words I'd spoken since we got into the car.

Neither one said anything. Tony motioned to Gloria to get out, then he shifted his bulk so he could get out without turning his back to me.

"Now you. Open the door and walk around the front of the car. Then get in the driver's seat."

For the first time in my life I knew how other guys must have felt when I barked my final orders to them.

Tony backed up to make room for me as I got out. The headlights hadn't been cut, so I was in full view as I walked around the front of the car.

Tony met me on the driver's side. He stood over me as I climbed in. "Start the motor."

He shouted at me over the roar of the motor. "Straight ahead is a drop of a hundred feet. I'll do the pushing. You won't be found for months."

Out of the corner of my left eye I saw his gun hand raise over his head. "So long, kid—"

Explosions ripped the silence and cut his last word dead. Each blast echoed through his throat, which squeaked out choked bits of agony. Then his huge body twisted and fell.

The impact of silence hit the countryside again, and Gloria stepped out of the darkness behind the car. She was half-crazed with fear. Mumbled words sputtered between her lips but she wasn't talking to me or to anyone. Only to her conscience.

A gun was in her hand.

"He made me do things. Dirty, ugly things."

I slipped out of the car and nudged her face into my shoulder.

Ten minutes later we listened to the crash my car made when it hit bottom one hundred feet down. Tony's body went with it.

Gloria was still in a state of shock. She kept muttering things I didn't understand, and didn't want to understand.

I knew only one thing.

You can't figure a dame.

THE END



"It's exciting, isn't it?"



French Dressing

Throughout the ages man has girded himself for battle with armor to suit the occasion. Women have done likewise, and we might add, with much greater success. It is very seldom that a gal dressed for the fray has failed in her mission. To those students of warfare we offer the following lesson in preparation for conflict. Please take note of the confidence with which our lady fair makes ready. She is well aware of the tremendous power in the particular type of garb she is donning. It is the kind of material that makes strong men weak and unable to put up much resistance. (Who'd want to anyway). Therefore, it is with a feeling of concern for all you novices that we say, if you can't fill out your armor in a like manner, then don't start a fight.









"Well, this wraps it up, hope to see you soon!"





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"Someone should have done this a long time ago," said Bobby.

